

 **caliber**

COMPOSITION BOOK

BRAINSTORMS

BOOK

SUMMER

2012

3 Subject

Wide Ruled

120 Sheets

9.75 in x 7.5 in
[24.7 x 19 cm]

Brainstorms : Book 2

Summer 2012

The ~~#~~ Philosophical ~~Diary~~ of Michael William Kentuck
Autobiography

CONTENTS

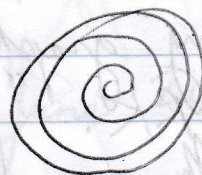
- 1 Transformations & Mutations p. 1
- 2 The Elder p. 17
- 3 My Broken Leg p. 37
- 4 Purple Haze p. 61
- 5 The Force of My INTELLECT! p. 81
- 6 No More of That JAZZ p. 100
- 7 The Metempsychosis of Genius p. 119
- 8 Confrontations With Reality p. 138
- 9 Poorly Made Genius Unraveled p. 155
- 10 A Mad Genius p. 178
- 11 Hertrich-as-Oracle p. 203

$\{ \emptyset, \{ \emptyset \} \} \rightarrow \{ \{ \{ \} \}, \{ \{ \{ \} \} \} \}$

TRANSFORMATIONS & MUTATIONS

Karate with the cockroaches.

1 June 2012 Friday



Another parallel for New Orleans / A Confederacy of Dunces
& Downtown Freehold / My Life is this:

The Club where Jones suspects "iniquity" →
→ The Metropolitan Cafe. What kind of
thing hangout is that? Rich prostitutes?
What a scandal! Freehold Idol?

Aint nothin' like the real thing, baby!

There are some real haters out there -
ones who just want to rip me to pieces.
These tend to be those who want to bully me.

I will be glad to have some of my own
tobacco quite soon so I don't have to
subject myself to being at the mercy of
self-to-do whores and their
thing knuckle dragging clientel.

I K Toole's character, Ignatius
Reilly (with his COPYBOOKS) and Steve Toltz's
character, Martin Dean (with his notes) are

TRANSFORMATIONS & MUTATIONS

very graphic examples of GENIUS AT WORK. "Writers write," as Fili said.
My own living animal body IS the protagonist of this philosophical autobiography, right down to the basis following me, tracking me down right where I work at the library in Downtown, Freehold 2012, The Mayan Apocalypse, II ???

I was singing on Main Street in public last night,

"Rock the boat
Rock the boat...
You don't need to vote
To tip the bitch over
Rock the oo oh oot"

My fame is quite atrocious,
Kinda Super fuckin' calafragilistic
Ex fuckin' ali ali fuckin' ocious

To: Fuckin' in the
P.O. Box

2012.06.02

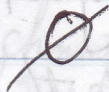
7



Maybe the reason I allow myself to indulge in "self-medication" is because I have a great deal of compassion and empathy for what my inner being actually endures as a radical intellectual amidst dumbed-down violent thing culture, car & machine culture, police & military culture, and the lowly ~~position~~^{role} I am expected to play in this "drama".

The people see!

It is an unpleasant truth about our consumer mass-society that what is intellectually sophisticated and authentic will be diametrically opposed to and in direct conflict with the upholders of the status quo.



I am so relieved to have found the keys to the apartment. I am relieved to have once again uploaded on tobacco. I will be even more relieved to get some laundry done.

50.20.5105

Ø

My character is transforming, I have so many loads of laundry to do that I am sure to be busy all day running back & forth, drinking Natural Ices & Brandy in between trips. I actually enjoy being with the people, among the people but very much in my own little realm.

I find myself frustrated with little tasks, but I am somewhat aware that this is a general WEARINESS with BEING.

I notice some people will validate my authenticity by complementing my singing or whistling. This verified my suspicion that there are jealous, jailhouse haters who are in cahoots with the police/military gestapo.

In the midst of this I will be doing my laundry and all that this entails. I My sexual energy is intense having experienced an incredibly powerful orgasm yesterday.

When I can, I feed the birds bread and the
 pums beer. I sense what is "Heutrich"
 in me, but I also exert my own unique
 personality. These scrubbings represent
 a deep connection to a
 rich inner life!

The way I utilize back-pack for ultra-
 heavy loads of laundry is proof of an
 enduring tenacity in me to
~~become I was I was~~ utilize my
 initiative to overcome obstacles.

After I finished laundry I passed out on
 the floor for a few hours, rising by
 2:30 PM. Message on machine:
 Mom at hospital. She fell and ~~for~~
 bumped her chin - chin on the
 floor at Walgreens. Ambulance. She is
 in Emergency Room now. Poor old girl.
 Life is what it is. Not everyone is
 a fan of rock band, Queen.

Ø

I use little scissors from Seattle to cut
my own hair. I don't care
what it looks like. Martin Dean
style (A FRACTION OF THE WHOLE).
~ Steve Toltz

None of my music collection is enough
to satisfy my "poetic mood".

I resort to Philip Glass: Koyaanisqatsi

I brood. I wake up to the full
reality of my ALIENATION.

alienate 1 to make indifferent or averse;
estrangle

2. to turn away

indifferent 1 without interest or concern;
not caring; apathetic

2. having no bias, prejudice, or preference;
impartial

3. neutral in quality; neither good or bad

apathetic - having or displaying little or no emotion.

Revelations:

It is not a requirement to be liked or loved by anyone in this confederacy of dunces!

Just possessing an inquisitive, studious intellect is my bulwark against stupidity. Having developed this rich inner life, my Being becomes more protective of its "sense of self."

I do not suppress my dislike of being under constant surveillance by neighbor & right on the other side of the wall and right next door behind the house. Nor do I allow this surveillance to totally destroy what I would be were I in solitude, unseen and hidden.

I am not alienated or aloof. Am I not engaged in seeing deep into the peoples' eyes offering compassion & empathy?

schedule
to do
involved
my cell
minutes
the
about 5
that

My father sure isn't going to be taking me to Wegman's to do my mother's shopping. She's going to end up paying someone to deliver her food to her door. This will mean I don't get beef, spices, pancake mix, vegetable oil, ziti, shells, coffee, or syrup. I could use the 40 for food and forget about tracking down B. It may be time for me to ease on out of B's life as it is becoming too stressful - all this anxiety over rehearsing anxiety!

Wow!

my Dad
eggs,
or
hopes as
hat,
mom
cast on
or girl



9 June 2012 Saturday

(Did he trip me?)

On Tuesday, the 5th, a plain clothes detective ~~chased~~ got out of his car on Main Street in Freehold and chased me ... In a panic I ran. When I turned to see if he was behind me I ran into a sign, breaking my lower right leg. I was charged with disorderly conduct and something else! I lost the summons at the hospital, but I have to go to court on June 19th, Tuesday. Surgery was performed around 6PM on Thursday. I was discharged Friday around 5PM with just a "walker". Upon returning to my

(RESISTING ARREST)

15
apartment on Marcy Street I discovered my home
was broken into. It looks like somebody just
have climbed through the window. They had the stove
to cook food there, leaving the dirty pan
right there on the stove.

Also, there was a letter from my landlord
telling me I had to vacate the premises
within 30 days or else eviction processes would
begin.

When I used the walker to just ~~to~~ walk
down to B's to show him the leg, by the time
I got home, blood was seeping through the
cast where the rod had been inserted.
I called Mom. She panicked and called 9-1-1!

When the police arrived, I sent them away,
telling them I would return to the hospital in
the morning. Now I am ~~now~~ back in
the emergency room. I will see what
the hospital does, but I am going to need a
wheel chair even if Mom has to rent one.

Scott at Contra State put a new bandage on
my leg, but now Mom doesn't want me over her
house because she is under stress.

How can I be expected to move with a broken leg? I won't have access to a wheelchair if I am incarcerated. I will plead NOT GUILTY and may even go to trial to buy me time. The charges are bogus. People are saying I "blacked out" again. Should I write a letter to my landlord explaining my situation: the broken leg, the way my door had been picked in. How can I be blamed for this?

Basically, I am disgusted with being at the mercy of weasels and scoundrels. If I were incarcerated (railroaded with bogus charges), would I be placed in the infirmary?

Even if I do not go to jail and even were the charges dropped I still have to vacate the ~~premises~~. Would I live at Pepe's? HELL NO! If I manage to salvage Section 8, where would I relocate to? Howell? The Howell Police are notorious fascists. What about Manassquan? Mount Pleasant? What about Gileay in Pennsylvania? BRICK Ocean County → LAKES

So much uncertainty! I can't afford to become overwhelmed. Are there people in positions of "authority" out to suicide me? All I can do is continue to roll with the punches. There is no doubt in my mind that I have been the victim of some conspiracy to break the backbone of resistance in America.

What to do? Masturbate? Have a "bird bath"? Limp/hop downtown to sit on bench reading George Carlin? I may just lay down to sleep and rest.

Now that I know this landlord is determined to evict me, I am indignant. My main goal is to arm my spirit. This I may entail NOT GIVING A FUCK about landlords, police, judges, or jails.

In this society, one is either a whore for money or a semi-impooverished scatterbrained life the rest of us. Breaking this leg has forced me to become The Elder. I have a Higher Calling.

Are we all not prisoners in this zoo?

Haven't I had nothing but problems with "intrusive parasites" and snitching neighbors ever since I got rental assistance in 2005? Manual... Clint... (Matquian); Ocean Grove; Federal Way, WA; Ashbury Park, now Downtown; Freehold.

Shall I worry myself sick over yet another threat of eviction? Why not just go with the flow? I could sit back and read George Carlin all day, dropping an oxycodone every few hours. I have no choice but to simply heal. What an insensitive authoritarian ^{asshole} this Andrew Bryant must be to threaten me with eviction when I am struggling just to walk!

As far as the Municipal Court in Freehold goes, I think rolling up in a wheel chair may help my case. Maybe my father will help me pay for a public defender. I wonder if I can start a law suit for harassment. My attitude is transforming.

Superior Court!
What nerve!
What stupidity!



11 June 2012 Monday

Last night I got a call from my nephew in response to a message I left about the latest attempt to break the backbone of resistance in so-called America. He was furious that a certain plain-clothes detective not only chased me into a sign post (which broke the tibia & fibular bones in my leg), but had the nerve to charge me with disorderly conduct - i.e., "disturbing the traffic".

I called Alpine Medical Supplies. They can't deliver the wheel chair until Wednesday (13th)! Dad checked the Medical Supply Depot in Freehold by Raintree. They have wheelchairs for rent but will need the prescription (which Dad has in the basement at Sister Tammi's on Schumanoff Road).

Dad is actually picking up Mom in Brick/Lakewood to bring her to the doctor as she busted her arm (with 8 stitches in her chin!). Dad is a great person!!! After all these years he is still saving my helpless mother & her scatterbrain son (me).

appraisal → estimation of the
of a thing, the nature, quality, value

literary goals: Finish reading George Carlin's
When Will Jesus Bring The Pork Chops? then do
an INTENSE STUDY of Hermann Hesse's
STEPPENWOLF.

⊙ 12 June 2012 Tuesday

I awaken extremely enthusiastic about my renewed
interest in Hesse's Steppenwolf:

A best-seller in Europe when it was first
published in 1927, Steppenwolf is the most
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL of Hermann Hesse's
works. Steppenwolf is a searing appraisal of
Western civilization.

Since I have a copy Steppenwolf, I will
focus my attention on George Carlin's final book:
When Will Jesus Bring The Pork Chops?

Since the weather looks like rain, I guess
I'll be keeping that book (a library book)
secure from getting wet. I guess I'll
also carry this notebook and a pen.



I really do believe that I dislike this neighbor on the other side of the wall even more than he dislikes me. I received an official letter from Rental Assistance Program (Dawn Campopiano: 732 431 6000 x 6044).

She wants me to contact her immediately, which would be tomorrow morning, I guess.

The letter says I am in direct violation of my lease due to excessive noise and damages to my "unit." Ejection from my unit would result in my termination from the Rental Assistance Program. I will discuss this matter with her in great detail tomorrow.

Mr. Landlord Greampuff Andrew L. Bryant must be some kind of landlord puppet who has never faced the pliers of me - a radical genius who has nothing but contempt for THE ESTABLISHMENT and the whole god-damn concept of RENT.

His letter to me (cc: Dawn Campopiano) is very exaggerated: "Because of repeated disturbances including excessive noise, banging on the next door neighbors walls all hours of the night, as well as other infractions, you are given 30 days to vacate the apartment with all your belongings."

33

"The cops have been called to your apartment on several occasions. One set of tenants have moved out because they could no longer endure the noise from your apartment all hours of the night. You have been given several warnings to no avail. I have recently rented the next door apartment to a new tenant and he is already planning to move because of unbearable noise coming from your apartment."

"In addition to the noise, you have caused unnecessary property damage. The steel door and frame must be replaced. The interior is kept in a deplorable condition." (WHAT A GORT!)

"Please be aware that, if you are not out of the apartment within 30 days or less and eviction proceedings begin you may lose your Rental Assistance."

"Andrew L. Bryant, Landlord"
42 Backbone Hill Road Millstone Township NJ
08510.

MY BROKEN LEG

Uncaring? Ironic? Paradoxical? Diabolical?
 Just when the weasel landlord attempted to demand I
 vacate "his premises" within 30 days, I sustained
 this very serious injury to my leg where I
 won't be able to walk for at least 3
 months. Now I demand at least 60, preferably
 90, days to vacate before any draconian eviction
 proceedings begin. I want to leave. I am
 ready to leave. and yet I cannot leave due
 to this **BROKEN' LEG**. I look forward to
 relocating in September as I have grown quite
 weary with Downtown Freehold and its god
 damn traffic, its mother fucking Metropolitan Cafe,
 and the Confederacy of Dunces against
 me.

Obviously Mom did know what she was doing when she
 ordered me the unlimited minutes. When I check account
 with #022, it tells me I have 0 hours 1 minute.
 This implies "unlimited" as of whenever Mom got
 them for me. Tomorrow I can get more
 pain medication. Either Ashley & Mom OR Dad can
 pick up the script and FILL IT.



I have to copy this one down from George Carlin:

Message From A Cockroach:

"Hello there, I'm a cockroach. Listen, I'm going to keep this to a minimum, because I gotta get back to the kitchen and eat a bunch of crumbs that I spotted on the table. Plus there's a little puddle of gravy ~~that someone~~ left on the left side of the sink near the drain that nobody noticed. Okay, here's my deal: Bug sprays. We don't like 'em, we don't need 'em, we don't want 'em. We say get rid of 'em. Okay? That's it. Otherwise, if you don't do what we want, we're gonna crawl all over your face while you're asleep. We'll even go up your nose. We don't care. Thanks. I'll see you later. And for chrissakes, turn out the lights will ya?"

~ George Carlin 😊

(The original Diabolical Comedian!)

Ø

lin:

middle of the night (13/14): I awaken suddenly wanting
to learn German. Ich gehe nicht (I'm not going).

German pronunciation

A	A: father, what
E	E: right, get
I	I: machine, wind
O	O: obey, ought
U	OO: root, foot
IE	IE: brief
EI	I: ice
EU	OY: boy
AU	OU: house
Ä	E: bed
Ü	IE → round lips as if to say oo, but say IE
Ö	O → colonel
CH	H → hne
J	Y → yes
S	Z → zero
SCH	SH → fish
ST	SHT at beginning
SP	SHP "
V	F → fish
W	V → vote

Z → TS: hats

TH → T

Ich gehe nicht (I'm not going)

Ins → to the ; ist nicht → is not

Ich gehe nicht ins Büro.

Gehen Sie? (Are you going?)

ja → yes , nein → no

gehen wir → let's go

ist → is , das → the (feminine) ~~der~~ → the ~~die~~ → the

gross → big ,

Klein → little, small

stuhl → chair

der Hund → the dog

das Buch → ^{the} book

Wo ist? (where is?)

in der Bibliothek → in the library

in, im → "in the"; der Vater, (father)
die Mutter (mother)
DEE

notes: IM is a contraction of IN DEM (in the)

gut → good

was ist? (what is?)

↑ ↑

V:

2: zero

Volcano

© 14 June 2012 Thursday

I awaken by 0600 hours after sleeping for only about two hours, then listen to Democracy Now and Indigenous Voices radio. As soon as I roll out down the road, parking in the little corner by Main St & One Way (THROCKMORTON) by the restaurant, Officer Healy pulls up across from me eye-balling me. He stares at me as I am rolling a cigarette. He gets out of his vehicle to harass me, telling me "it's time to move on." At this point I become irritated and just roll off.

84
I cross Main Street through the CVS, and as I am rolling passed behind the (Mexican) New City grocery store, this DICK FACED ASSHOLE PIG rolls by me again. What the fuck is his problem? I wonder.

So, now I sit behind Henderson's going over some German.

bitte → please
~~ein~~ Wasser → Water
Guten Tag → Hello (ola)
Guten Morgen → Good Morning (Buenos dia)
Guten Abend → Good Evening (Buenas tardes?)
Gute Nacht → Good Night (Buenas noches)
Auf Wiedersehen → Goodbye (Adios)
Wie geht es Ihnen? → How are you? (Como esta?)
Danke, gut, und Ihnen? → Thank you, good, and you?
Danke → Thank you. → Gracias
Entschuldigen Sie → Excuse me

per favor
el agua
GUT
NAT
Gracias, bueno, y tu?

Ø

The source of our human ~~intellect~~^{miser} is in the intellect. Humanity performs a more or less self-conscious repression of its damaging surpluses of consciousness. This seems to be a requirement of social adaptability and of everything commonly referred to as "healthy and normal living."

Zapffe concluded that as long as humankind recklessly proceeds in the fateful delusion of being biologically fated for triumph, nothing essential will change.

Mankind will get increasingly desperate until the last messiah arrives, "the man who, as the first of all, has dared strip his soul naked and submit it alive to the outmost thought of the lineage, the very idea of doom."

A man who has fathomed life and its cosmic ground, and whose pain is the Earth's collective pain.

"The author does not suffer, he is filling pages and is going to be published in a journal."

THE LAST
MESSIAH.

~ Peter Wessel Zapffe

(Gisle R. Tangenes)

51

"This world," mused Horace Walpole, "is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those that feel." We human animals are condemned to do both. We have evolved a yearning for metaphysical purpose - for intrinsic justice and meaning that is destined for frustration by our real environment. The process of life is oblivious to the beings it makes and breaks in the course of its perpetuation. And while no living creature escapes this carnage, only humans bear the burden of awareness.

An uninhabited planet would be no unfortunate thing.

"... the ever burning question of what it means to be human..."

Most people "save" themselves by ARTIFICIALLY LIMITING the content of their consciousness.

So, "isolation" is the repression of grim facts by a CODE OF SILENCE.

'anchoring', the stabilizing attachment to specific ends; 'distraction', the continuous stream of divertive impression; and 'sublimation,'

the conversion of ANGUISH into uplifting
pursuits, like literature and art
(and MUSIC = ART).

Nietzsche saw too much.

Civilization cannot be sustained.
Civilization MUST NOT be sustained.

As technology liberates ~~us~~ ever more of us to
face our demons...

The LAST MESSIAH shall be a prophet
of doom, not afraid to face reality,
no matter how grim.

Ø



2012.06.22

Ø

95

I have lost patience with those who insist I not be negative. What a bunch of fuckin' cream puffs - those who want to control my language, my attitude, my thoughts and feelings. I am noticing exactly what drives me insane, what I get on my nerves, what angers me, what insults my intelligence, what abuses me, what exploits me, what mocks me... I battle for my sanity in a culture of madness, a Machine Age that has run amok.

I do not write in order to entertain the masses. I write in order to arm my spirit.

Ø

The Steppenwolf Notes

- ① The introduction is from the perspective of a middle-class drone (bourgeoisie gort). He is suspicious of Harry Haller's fear of the police, the empty bottles of wine, the cigar ashes, the books scattered about. Gorts fear the man of real intellectual and emotional **POWER** (NATURAL) Power.

4
② "He gave at the very first glance the impression of a significant, an uncommon, and unusually gifted man. His face was intellectual and the abnormally delicate and mobile play of his features reflected a soul of extremely emotional and unusually delicate sensibility."

③ A note about when the Steppenwolf threw him a quick look - an unforgettable and frightful look which spoke volumes!

"hopelessly sad"

"... the Steppenwolf's look pierced our whole epoch, its whole overwrought activity, the whole surge and strife, the whole vanity, the whole superficial play of a shallow, opinionated intellectuality."

* It said: "See what monkeys we are!
Look, such is man!"

All progress → a monkey's trick!

④ This note reminds me of how, as a teenager, no, even as a child, I committed myself to experiencing reality to the degree, not to be distracted, ~~so~~ not to be servile to idiotic norms, even when this meant facing down the masses, the herd, the entire society of drones, robots, slaves, dupes, all gorts in general who do not question the status quo. I BUCK THE SYSTEM! I live and die the truth. I face reality. The truth is not braindead Amerika's cup of tea. They prefer television and organized sports. They prefer lies, hallucinations. They worship authority. This is False Consciousness. This is the gort. I am The Gorticidal Steppanwolf.

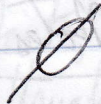
"I saw that Haller was a genius of suffering and that in the meaning of many sayings of Nietzsche he had created within himself a boundless and frightful capacity for pain."

I understand what it is about my personality which disturbs others: the force of my intellect!

I could just read under a tree until I get sleepy.
Then I could detach from this world. Frustrations...
Anger. Rage. Where does anything lead?

Now my stomach growls. Will it help calm me were I to just make rice, add vegetables, eat, rest my broken leg, and nap?

In a mood like this, I feel bitter, life I want to lash out against the first person who mocks me, taunts me, or even laughs at me. I want to hide. I want to isolate because I am feeling so irritable.



While sitting under the tree by bus station, a cab driver came by to gawk at me, thinking perhaps that I might ask him for money. He kept interrogating me about "what I do." I told him that I was a philosopher, a thinker, a lone wolf who did not like cars, and that this world only wants servile obedient workers to breed.

Then I continued to read Hesse's Steppenwolf out loud in a passionate voice. I could feel the anger rising in me when I saw the stupid grin on his face. I claimed to have a rich, **INNER LIFE**. I sped past him in my wheelchair as he sat stuck in the traffic!

I returned to my domicile to cook/eat vegetable mix (Dutch style : broccoli, calliflower, carrots) and potatoes, but, before doing so, I read aloud the section ~~of~~ called "For Madmen Only". I read loud enough for my neighbors to hear. There is much in this section I can apply to my own life, so, now that my Wolf Self is outdoors again, once again under a tree ~~by~~ a bench, I will try to continue ...

The Steppenwolf Notes

- (5) "There was once a man, Harry, called the Steppenwolf. He went on two legs, wore clothes, and was a human being, but nevertheless he was in reality a wolf of the Steppes."
- (6) "It cannot be denied that he was generally very unhappy; and he could make others unhappy also that is, when he loved them or they him. For all who got to love him, saw always only the one side in him. Many ~~were~~ loved him as a refined and clever and interesting man, and were horrified and disappointed when they had come upon the ~~self~~

wolf in ~~wolf~~ him. And they had to because Harry wished, as every sentient being does, to be loved as a whole and therefore it was just with those whose love he most valued that he could least of all conceal and belie the wolf. There were those, however, who loved precisely the wolf in him, the free, the savage, the untamable, the dangerous and strong, and these found it peculiarly disappointing and deplorable when suddenly the wild and wicked wolf was also a man, and had hankerings after goodness and refinement, and wanted to hear Mozart, to read poetry and to cherish human ideals. Usually these were the most disappointed and angry of all, and so it was that the Steppenwolf brought his own dual and divided nature into the presence of others besides himself whenever he came into contact with them."



The Steppenwolf Notes

⑦ "They are not heroes, artists or thinkers in the same way that other men are judges, doctors, shoemakers, or schoolmasters. Their life consists of a perpetual tide; unhappy and torn with pain, terrible and meaningless, unless one is ready to see its meaning in just those rare experiences, acts, thoughts, and works that shine out above the chaos of such a life. To such men the desperate and horrible thought has come that perhaps the whole of human life is but a bad joke, a violent and ill-fated abortion of the primal mother, a savage and dismal catastrophe of nature."

⑧ "In his youth when he was poor and had difficulty in earning his bread, he preferred to go hungry and in torn clothes than endanger his narrow limit of independence. He never sold himself for money, or an easy life or to women or to those in power, and had thrown away a hundred times what in the world's eyes was his

advantage and happiness in order to safeguard his liberty. No prospect was more hateful and distasteful to him than that he should have to go to an office and to conform to daily and yearly routine, and obey others. He hated all kinds of offices, governmental or commercial, as he hated death, and his worst nightmare was confinement in barracks. He contrived, often at great sacrifice, to avoid all such predicaments. It was here that his strength and his virtue rested. On this point he could neither be bent nor bribed. Here his character was firm and indeflectable. Only, through this virtue, he was bound the closer to his destiny of suffering."

⑨ "It is true that with him, as with all men of his kind, every shock, every pain, every untoward predicament, at once called forth a wish to escape and an escape in death."

"The emergency exit stood always open..."

This is similar to Cioran's idea of finding consolation in the morning via meditating upon ONE'S CORPSE.

These "Steppenwolf Notes" inspire me to not only keep myself "deep" but to go even deeper into the core, to cut ever more closely to the bone. I can read nothing shallow or academic or "practical". Nothing less than Hesse, Schopenhauer, Cioran... perhaps Nietzsche. The mood that overtakes me is reminiscent of those Saturday night's in adolescence, when, after upon realizing that I was thoroughly nauseated with the absurdity and meaninglessness of life, a great peace would pass over me.

There is nothing to be had in this world.

I am most definitely not going to rush through this reading of Steppenwolf. It may be my final reading of it. I approach age 50, the age Hesse was when he wrote it. After soaking in a warm bath, I feel compelled to also begin reading (simultaneously with Steppenwolf) Arthur Schopenhauer's The Pessimist's Handbook, starting with the Introduction.

I MOST SURELY AM A SUICIDE!

D
©

(11 PM) I had fallen to sleep before reading the first ~~3~~ three sentences of ~~the~~ ~~Translator's~~ introduction to The Pessimists Handbook called, "Schopenhauer: Evangelist of PESSIMISM" by Hazel E. Barnes.

From what I remember ^{from} when I first had this work printed from microfilm by OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS ON DEMAND back in 1991 for \$160.00, both the introduction (by Barnes) and the Translator's Preface (T. Bailey Saunders) are worth going over again. That was 21 years ago! I was only 24 years old then. Now I'm 45.

"[Schopenhauer's] refusal to accept the easy optimism of Hegel's objective idealism makes him one of the influences upon later existentialism. Indeed, through Nietzsche, Schopenhauer is one of its direct ANCESTORS. His final solution may be almost the antithesis of existentialism, but the particular points in common are numerous and significant. Like Nietzsche and Sartre, Schopenhauer sees man engaged in a struggle to which neither God

nor any other Higher Purpose gives redeeming meaning. Suffering and anguish are essential facts of human existence. All three writers have a certain contempt for the evasions which most men practice in order to escape the true view of their condition."

This next sentence relates/connects Schopenhauer to Heide's Steppenwolf and even to Vonnegut's Kilgore Trout:

"All propose as an ideal the lonely, solitary individual with the courage to embrace the suffering and - in different ways - transcend his situation. Schopenhauer's admiration ~~of~~ for THE GREAT-SOULED GENIUS foreshadow's Nietzsche's Superman."

Surely, I myself, Michael William Hentrich AKA The Horticultural Steppenwolf, am such a Genius. Because I exist in this mass-consumption industrial Machine Age, not only am I far more ignored than Schopenhauer (and he too was ignored), but my life parallels Vonnegut's character Kilgore Trout. My being ignored is so extreme, it takes on COMICAL & ABSURD qualities!

Example from Vonnegut's Breakfast of Champions :

"Bad chemicals and bad ideas were the Yin & Yang of madness. The bad ideas were delivered to Dwayne by Kilgore Trout. Trout considered himself not only harmless but invisible. The world had paid so little attention to him that he supposed he was dead. He hoped he was dead."

Kurt Vonnegut Jr himself wanted to commit suicide since he was 43 years old. He lived to be 83, passing just a couple years ago.

If there is a Spirit World where Hesse's "immortals" dwell, surely Hesse, Vonnegut, Schopenhauer, and even George Carlin must sympathize with my personal predicament.

By now my extraordinary capacity for philosophical and psychological insight, in comparison with my contemporaries, neighbors, and "professional class" has become all-too-apparent to even the dullest and most mediocre minds. This may explain the comical and ludicrous effect perceiving me has on people.

O

Yang
to
himself
had
ed he

suicide
to be

ust
t.

for
in
neighbors,

and most
comical
people.

While "the Wolf" surely would like to prowly, in a wheelchair at night, with drunken monkeys with car keys flying around in heavy metal on wheels, it is best I hole up in my "unit" and scribble. I am even tempted to make some instant coffee and enjoy my higher mental faculties while I do I can.

It may amuse me to realize how my fierce mental independence liberates me from the inner Hell many are experiencing. This night, caught up as they are, in such bad chemicals as crack cocaine or heroine. How fortunate I am to have a literary life to sustain me!

I do not believe in false modesty, so I have to admit to being very impressed with myself, not only in the hours of joy & experience in pure study & reflection, but even in ~~the~~ my "toughness", how I lay on blankets on floor without crying about needing a bed, the way I love peanut butter and even black-eye peas, and even the way I don't "freak out" over twelve cock roaches.

My tribulations have made me stronger. I am no
emotionally tender and cream puff! I am hardened and yet still
sophisticated intellectually. I must
put some people to shame, which could be
another reason why I may be "hated on".
My strengths expose others to their weaknesses.

After a peanut butter & jelly sandwich on toast, now
drinking instant coffee at midnight, I bear witness
to my own transcendence of this society's idea
of who I am. "The Immortals" I reveal
to me the secrets this society would hide
from me, the main secret being the AUTHENTICITY
OF MY GREATNESS. This many a
psychiatrist, health professional, law enforcement
official, prison guard, and prisoner would
like to ROB from me.

They can't take this from me.

Oh no? The barbarians employed by the
State could quite easily destroy my mind
through torture. They could make me
a scatter-brain ~~for~~ basket-case!

Another connection between Schopenhauer and Hesse - most likely THE MOST SIGNIFICANT of all - is the respect they had for what Aldous Huxley called "the perennial philosophy," or more specifically, the philosophy of INDIA.

So much is interconnected. In Hesse's *Steppenwolf*, Harry Haller (The Steppenwolf → actually Hermann Hesse himself) often is awake all night reading Dostoevsky, a writer who had a profound influence not only on Nietzsche, but on myself as well.

I most definitely am in a similar orbit as my favorite writers: Schopenhauer, Dostoevsky, Hesse, Nietzsche, Cioran, Vonnegut. Of these I am more like Schopenhauer and Cioran as I do not even attempt to "entertain" through fiction, but simply go right to the heart of the matter writing philosophical autobiography.

My masterpiece is my collection of notebooks, *my DIARIES*. This is my Life's Work!

There is no need to believe in "the Devil" in order for me to understand the truth that the Devil has chosen me as one of His greatest philosophers of all time. I KNOW WHO I AM!

511

There is no denying the force of my intellect. I certainly do not have to be acknowledged by the mainstream govt culture or the prison industry culture of madness. I acknowledge myself. There are also those who have encountered me face-to-face who can testify that those who say I am "crazy" or "insane" are more often than not quite ignorant indeed.

Ø

Metempsychosis - transmigration:
The passage of a soul at death into another body.

There may not be such a "thing" as a "soul," and yet! And yet there is a definite phenomenon we call intelligence, a definite phenomenon we call awareness or consciousness.

Through reading Hesse and Schopenhauer and Cioran and Nietzsche and the like, isn't this basically a kind of TRANSMIGRATION, METEMPSYCHOSIS, or REINCARNATION of such invisible intelligence?

The Metempsychosis of Genius?

* aberrant → straying from the right or normal way.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS OF GENIUS

© 24 June 2012 Sunday

<http://isis.phpbb3now.com> (snapshot)

Mikey's Mysterious Scribblings

Why this website? No one has asked me for it - especially those to whom it is directed. Well, there are too many gorts in this world. Now, having said this, I have the burden of proving it.

Mikey = GORTICIDE = Broken Spirit = The Diabolical Comedian
= "Sticks & Bones" = The Gorticial Steppenwolf

LOCATION: Dirty Jersey

focus Summer 2012: WikiLeaks & US Government Mendacity

The mental health industry is an inter-personal police force where the pacifying weapons are medication & drugging. Any form of individualistic behavior is increasingly being classified as aberrant* as part of the

staying from the right or normal way.
→ aberrant *

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS OF GENIUS



→ process of suppressing a general rebellion against the status quo as the list of mental disorders listed by the American Psychiatric Association grows and grows with each reissue of the DSM Manual, which is the bible of the mental health industry.

One's intelligence can make it impossible to be subservient to those one has no confidence in or respect for.



What could "The Cognitive Unconscious" be up to? Well, behold the books I choose to carry with me while rolling around out there on the wheelchair:

SCHOPENHAUER: THE PESSIMIST'S HANDBOOK PT. 1

HESSE: STEPPENWOLF

• See it & say it in GERMAN



I am also quite content to sit up in my lion's den listening to music, reading Schopenhauer, smoking tobacco, and getting jacked up on coffee.

inter-personal police force → The THOUGHT POLICE

The Steppenwolf Notes

- (10) "Deliberately, he [the Steppenwolf] looked down upon the ordinary man and was proud that he was not one."

Even though I am treated with kindness by the Mesos, I have to be honest with myself. I do not fit in. I do not share their tastes in music. I am thoroughly disgusted by machosims. I am irreligious, anti-Catholic even. I despise servility. Were I to lay down for a pre-evening nap, I must likely I would continue listening to my own favorite songs. I am not "Latino". I will never be Latino. I don't even want to be Latino. I am thoroughly GERMANIC, Norse, Teutonic. This does not imply that I am at war with their culture. I am open; but I am losing the desire to "marry into this culture." I will cut my own path. My path may be a welcomed Extinction. I may be destined to die out.

So be it. Music, maestro!



25 June 2012 Monday

ering
tebooks:
of
(12)
-
where

While reading through my notes from this past January, which was around the time when I was assaulted by the bus station, then falsely accused of stealing the taxi sign - which Officer Weimer eventually found in a dumpster (and then apologized to me, actually telling me I am a GOOD MAN), I came across notes that are very related to the ideas presented in Hersey's Steppenwolf at the exact section of ~~the book~~ that I happen to be going through at this time.

ly, no.
ed by
RIT
Gray Jr.

I'm actually excited about this connection as it suggests there may be unconscious forces at work, or as the ancients would say, invisible intelligences guiding me! On page 124 of notebook: Winter 2012:

ago:
regions

« Could it be that there is no unity, no "whole self," that we are a multiplicity of disharmonious and conflicting impulses, and that these "complexes," desires and "mental faculties" are what is alluded to in mythological constructs? »

plet letter
(then.)

The forthcoming "Steppenwolf Notes" will shed some insight on this ~~very~~ ^{UNIQUE} ~~RADICAL~~ question.

Even while I was writing what I just wrote, a massive Thunder & Lightning Storm was rolling in. **UNCANNY!** This is exciting stuff. The rains are flooding the earth and roads. I called my Mom to warn her, instructing her to unplug the power surge strips connecting entertainment system and computer to the outlet. I only have a couple things that use electricity: the refrigerator (left plugged in), window fan, stereo. That's it. **AUSTERITY** comes natural to me.

The Steppenwolf Notes

- (11) "Man is an onion made up of a hundred integuments, a texture made up of many threads. The ancient Asiatics knew this well enough, and in the Buddhist Yoga an exact technique was devised for unmasking the illusion (that the West has labored just as hard to maintain and strengthen.)"

I must back up a little in the text for note "1"
The human merry-go-round sees many changes: the illusion that cost India the efforts of thousands of years to UNMASK is the same illusion.

(11) "It appears to be an inborn and imperative need of all men of ~~all men~~ to regard the self as a unit."

"... And if ever the suspicion of their manifold ~~unit~~ being dawns upon men of unusual powers and of unusually delicate perceptions, so that, as all genius must, they break through the illusion of the unity of the personality and perceive that the self is made up of a bundle of selves, they have only to say so and at once the majority puts them under lock and key, calls science to aid, establishes schizomania and protects humanity from the necessity of heaping the cry of truth from the lips of these unfortunate persons."

"A man who gets so far as making the supposed unity of the self two-fold is already almost a genius, in any case a most exceptional and interesting person. In reality, however, every ego, so far from being a unity is in the highest degree a manifold world, a constellated heaven, a chaos of forms, of states and stages,

note "11"
the
ends of

281
of inheritances and potentialities."

" [We are] forced to regard this chaos as a unity and to speak of [our] ego as though it were a one-fold and clearly detached and fixed phenomenon. Even the best of us share the illusion."

(" It is in literature, specifically the drama where we find the greatest possibilities for representing the ego as a manifold entity)

" The source of this illusion is in the visible animal body - the origin of the fiction of an ego, an individual, a personality.

end note 11

(13) " ... The bourgeois [read: the upper-middle class] today burns as heretics and hangs as criminals those to whom he erects monuments tomorrow. "

I am not in the mood to go to the library and type. Instead I will do some reading out of doors, pick up freg bread, perhaps attempt to get some lunch at soup kitchen, and continue getting down The Steppenwolf Notes

CONFRONTATIONS WITH REALITY

reality: Miss Career-orientated gort calls saying, "Uh...
Hello? Mr Hentrich?"

devil says, "Yes..."

Young gort woman says, "Michael Hentrich?"

Obviously bored, devil says, "yes?"

She proceeds, "This is BLAH-BLAH-BLAH attempting
to collect a debt BLAH-BLAH-BLAH..."

devil cuts her off promptly with, "You have my
address, 7-B Mary Street Freehold right?"

gort says, "Yes, we have your address."

devil says, "good, then send letters like
everyone else." [CLICK!]

Confrontations...

Ø

Now I will experiment with a combination I
haven't tried yet: wheel chair with crutches -
spiderman style, using bootlaces to tie them
to back of chair. I'll park wheel chair,
hobble as best I can up stairs, eat lunch,
stop by for bread at "Open Door", and then
hit the library.



26 June 2012 Tuesday

I saw something beautiful this morning: I witnessed a black bird feeding another black bird bread I had thrown in the yard. Several times! The one bird appeared old & blind. The healthy ate a little but shoved huge chunks into the ~~crying~~ crying bird mouth. It broke my heart.

Ø
I deny God in the name of Nature.
Nature belongs to itself. I belong to myself →
I am Nature. I am a talking chimpanzee,
or perhaps a strain of orangutan.

Ø
notebook: Winter 2012 p. 167

"We are not committing suicide right away.
Let us be left in peace in the meanwhile."
~ Antoni Artaud

Ø
There are so many "against" me who may be
resented/disliked by most that that these many are
against only makes the most love me that much more.

27 June 2012 Wednesday

The Steppenwolf Notes

- (14) "It is true that every time my life was shattered in this way I had in the end gained something, some increase in liberty and in spiritual growth and depth, but with it went an increased loneliness, an increasing chill of severance and estrangement. Looked at with the bourgeois eye, my life had been a continuous descent from one shattering to the next that left me more remote at every step from all that was normal, permissible and healthful. The passing years had stripped me of my calling, my family, my home. I stood outside all social circles, alone, beloved by none, mistrusted by many, in unceasing and bitter conflict with public opinion and morality; and though I lived in a bourgeois setting, I was all the same an utter stranger to this world in all I thought and felt. Religion, country, family, state, all lost their value and meant nothing to me anymore. The pomposity of the sciences, societies, and arts disgusted me. My views and tastes and ~~sought-after person, had run to seed in neglect and were looked at askance~~ all that I thought, once the shining

adornments of a gifted and sought-after person, had run to seed in neglect, and were looked at askance. Granting that I had in the course of all my painful & transmutations made some invisible and unaccountable gain, I had had to pay dearly for it; and at every turn my life was harsher, more difficult, lonely and perilous. In truth, I had little cause to wish to continue in that way, which led on into ever thinner air, like the smoke in Nietzsche's harvest song."

(15) "Let suicide be as stupid, cowardly, shabby as you please, call it an infamous and ignominious escape; still, any escape, even the most ignominious, from this treadmill of suffering was the only thing to wish for! No stage was left for the noble and heroic heart."

Ø

It looks as though whywork.org/forums is finally belly up. The server keeps going down. Anne (crazy squirrel) is appeared again. It looks as though she may attempt to preserve my/our "WORK"

Everytime I consider signing up on Facebook again just to point to this site, just to spur some kind of dialogue/conversation, I return to this thread. (me) 145

I was tempted to crank up my "reach out" efforts by creating a facebook account, but I am so against what it represents, that I decided to return to a post in which "Blaze" really shines. I just want to note some of his most piercing insights here from ~~that~~ the thread, "Anybody here on facebook?"

Diogenes II

→ Nat (James Quirk) writes that "the majority of Facebook users are corporate-indoctrinated mindless shithheads. The majority of the modern humans are corporate-indoctrinated mindless shithheads. That doesn't mean that using Facebook puts one in danger of becoming a corporate-indoctrinated mindless shithhead."

Blaze, a remarkably articulate & mysterious presence on my website who is currently MIA, has a powerful response to this.

[BLAZE] "Really? I kinda think it does mean that. Why would someone hang around a system with 200 million "corporate-mind indoctrinated, mindless shithheads" (your words) if they were free-thinking and individualistic etc...? If you voluntarily hang around a bunch of neo-nazis,

241
it doesn't make you a de facto neo-Nazi either, but it sure increases the likelihood that you will start to think that way, wouldn't you say?

There is no reason or avenue for social rebellion and creative thought on Facebook. If you go to a fundamentalist Christian Church three times a week, you expect people to believe that you align with their values. To me, Facebook is the very essence of "the crowded masses" feeding the narcissistic tendencies of humanity's underbelly."

Nat: "Why fear something like Facebook? If one doesn't want to use it, fine - but to describe it as if it has some Satanic power to corrupt one's soul suggests that perhaps one's soul is not as secure as it ought to be."

Blaze: "Maybe your soul is secure Nat, but that's exactly my ~~not~~ point. Most people's souls (the people you term mindless shitheads) are not secure and are easily corruptable, and you know that. Any site that attracts 200 million ~~people~~ users should fucking scare people. If it doesn't, you're likely to be the first to go to the slaughterhouse with the other sheep who are being herded and don't know it."

"You can be sure that 200 million people are all visiting the same site, and logging in with URL's, IP addresses, user names, personal info, photographs... and posting their thoughts to friends, so on and so on, that the powers that be in this world have a firm finger on the situation. And they aren't using this data collection service for charity and good will towards mankind. They will use it to manipulate, influence and control the public in pursuit of their holy goal - the allmighty profit."

"They suck people in with the oh-so-sweet and alluring illusion of community and/or public expression etc... under the guise of "social networking" and friendship ("that sounds good, right? Friends are good")."

"Nothing good is coming to our world from Facebook, and as a member of this fucked up society, I can bitch about it as much as we mourn the evils of politics or capitalism. I am merely pointing out one method (of many) being used by the powers that be for our destruction."

741
"But I also accept and understand that I'm out-numbered on this, and that many fail to see the dangers of it."

Nat is cool as HELL too. He responds with smiley icons and laughing icons, "Hehe, I & dymmo. Obviously Blaze is no fan of Facebook. 😊 Having said all that, it is a pretty stupid site. 😂 (lol)"

This is why I have to celebrate the fact that my website, now named, Mission Mike's Mysterious Scribblings, does not attract the gort/drone masses of corporate-indoctrinated mindless shithead small-rats. I am very pleased with the intelligence and rebellious spirit of the few geniuses my site does attract!

Blaze finalizes his fantastic ~~the~~ post with, "Anything that appeals to that many people is bound to be stupid, but don't get the wrong idea - criticizing Facebook is not my CAUSE. There are worse things in the world as well. I just find it to

be a particularly glaring (and depressing) example of break-minded corporate big-brother mass culture, that's all. We don't need to argue about it, we probably agree on more things than we disagree."

Another statement that reminds me why I don't want a Facebook account is from Su7, the woman from Scandinavia who promises to send a music compilation with the song, "Lucifer".

Su7: "I think a lot of people's nosiness supercedes any genuine interest and concern they may have for you, so am not really interested in things like facebook. I can't be bothered with a lot of social networking sites, I prefer to be UNDER THE RADAR than IN THE SPOTLIGHT."

Blaze is just INCREDIBLE! I'm not saying Nat or crazy squirrel or Su7 (or even you get-a job & why job) are NOT also incredible, but I ~~must~~ must acknowledge how significant it is for my own personal life, the few people who have really MOVED me, who I have really TOUCHED ME on a very real level.



28 June 2012 Thursday

I cranked my music at maximum volume last night. It must have been the vodka.

What's next? Shall I become an orator? Isn't a stand-up comedian an orator? Isn't it true that a comedian can get away with saying things that no politicians could. Even get away with? Feste, the Fool from Shakespeare's drama, was humorous precisely because he spoke the truth in a world of pretentious lies and phonies - a world much like our own where nobody admits they masturbate.

One last quote from Blaze (about Facebook):

"Intellectual candy floss, which rots your soul and gives your brain cavities. There is nothing more evil than being persuaded that you willingly want to drink from the sugary sweet but poisoned goblet of popularity under your own free will. If communicating with people is the idea, surely there are

ways to do it online (like Mike Hentrich's forums) without being under the umbrella of corporate mind-fuck america. I always figured society was doomed, but online social networking helps define how it will happen. A social illusion about how many "friends" or "followers" people have, when in fact, they are more alone every day. A giant social pyramid scheme with more smoke and mirrors than a Vegas show. Sad. Very sad. But I seem to be on my own with this. My apologies for being so strong-worded, but I'm surprised that people on this site would not see that social networking is precisely the kind of false corporate reality that I thought this site was against. It is the illusion to beat all illusions - sanctioned, certified, dumbed down, and dressed up pretty - just the way the devil likes it."



changed mes id back to "gorticide".

29 June 2012 Friday

Landlord giving me until August 31st to vacate.

Dark Satire
PLAYHOUSE (work)

163

Narsia persists. "Something between ectoplasm
& larva. A template to lay across
the void."

"10 delicious reasons why you may already
be dead."

"If our happiness is contingent on shielding
our eyes to truth, if the whole world
is just a speck of dust lost in
an infinite neutral void (INFINITE NEUTRAL
VOID), then let's get it over with."

Let's skip right straight to the end.
Launch yourself into the gaping black
man of oblivion!

But it's not that easy, is it?

The thing is though, there is
a kind of a great potential for all
of us to experience a surrealized event
which may take all of our fragile and

Why rush it? "

Either way, each being has a threshold for how much they will endure before they conclude that life is not worth living, a living testimony to Arthur Schopenhauer's conclusions.

Sometimes our trials make us stronger, or force us to discover latent strengths, reserves of courage, endurance, and tenacity.

I wonder if some trials kill us.

I imagine in dying we each must grapple deeply philosophical and psychological insights into the nature of our animal bodies...

No one gets out alive, and some may find euthanasia a blessing, a release from the penal colony of existence.

《《 PAUSE 》》 》》

The ding-an-sich = (the will) is this Thing-in-itself.

The thing-in-itself (ding-an-sich) is will.

It does not seem practical for life-as-creature (principium individuationis?) to know itself. What is my personal interest in finding common ground between Husserl's PHENOMENOLOGY and Schopenhauer's general philosophy?

Could it be quite possible that within Schopenhauer's WAY OF ~~PER~~ CONCEIVING reality (GRASPING the truth we stand in) lay the groundwork for psychology and phenomenology?

I need a motivation for reading Husserl's basic writings. Where Kant I embraced the small certainties of the phenomenal realm for what they were worth to scientific knowledge, Schopenhauer feels they are an illusion from which we ought to free ourselves.

171
Schopenhauer felt that Kant had entirely overlooked the essence of consciousness and wholly ignored the important unconscious life of man.

Both Husserl and Schopenhauer question their own immediate experience,

Schopenhauer found that what was most basic was neither a knower nor something known. It was rather a direct, felt impulse, a reaching out to grasp or to reject; in short, it was an appetition, a WILL.

The Will-to-Live is nothing but a blind striving to perpetuate itself.

In his introduction, "Schopenhauer, Evangelist of Pessimism," Hazel E. Barnes argues that Schopenhauer's Weltanschauung (worldview) offers us both of two possibilities usually thought of as mutually exclusive —

to accept the challenge of playing for the stakes in the phenomenal world, and to know at the same time that one could sink back comfortably into the Eterypal whenever the burden of individuality became too heavy.

Schopenhauer grapples with similar issues as Hesse, but Hesse seems unable to damn the creation.

Myself, I am becoming increasingly incensed when my literary and philosophical meditations are continuously disturbed. It is to the point where I have to unleash the wrath directly and immediately lest pent up aggressions be released unintentionally on an innocent. I must see how I have become so distraught and tense and bitter. The ~~my~~ territorial impulses of this Thingy presence which is my animal body flash out at rude, cruel, mean-spirited and vulgar hangerson and other VAMPIRISTIC SOCIOPATHS.

133
There is no "Mike Hentrich". There is no
"personality" or "social identity."

There is only the will-to-live, the energy
that moves through all things.

This is not necessarily pleasant.

Goal → ~~absor~~ complete absence of
experience is what Schopenhauer
INTENDS !

Schopenhauer says EXPLICITLY that
we must not seek "to evade it like
the Indians, through myths and
meaningless ~~words~~ words, such as
reabsorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of
the Buddhists."

Schopenhauer gives a peculiar twist to the
idea of RELATIVITY.

"We freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of Will for all those who are still full of will is certainly nothing; but,

CONVERSELY,

to those in whom the Will has turned and has denied itself, this our world, which is so real, with all its suns and milky ways - is nothing."

The ideal Genius turns out to be quite the opposite of the Saint who realizes his oneness with mankind. The Genius is a man so ORIGINAL, so UNIQUE, so completely individual in mind and character, that the gift of his works is one which he alone of all men could ever have presented to the world."

No philosopher ever worked harder to change men than Schopenhauer.

>>> But if we do not admit Schopenhauer to be a good teacher he is a very suggestive writer, and eminently readable. His style is brilliant, animated, forcible, pungent, although it is discursive, irresponsible, and with a tendency to superficial generalization. He brings in the most unexpected topics without any very sure sense of their relative place. Everything, in fact, seems to be a fair game, once he has taken up his pen. <<<

>>> Schopenhauer was above all things unspiritual, and at times brutal in the use of his strength. <<<

>>> To be outraged by Schopenhauer means to be ignorant of many of the facts of life.

Now, having at least completed library tasks and, as I am in no mood for more grocery store awkwardness, I am free to pick up booze and devour meatballs! I will celebrate becoming a proud mad genius!

Ø
The Oracle Speaks. The Oracle SCREAMS!
"Why work?"

for my well-being

I have to keep myself BUSY,

There is a serious risk that we will end up
finding a job in our very idleness.

This floating population must somehow be kept
occupied.

They want to dismantle the "social game" so
that the most restless ones, those who will
only surrender when faced with the alternative
between dying of hunger or stagnating
in jail, are hured back to the
bosom of wage-labor.

The present production apparatus is,
on the one hand, a gigantic machine
for PSYCHIC and PHYSICAL mobilization
for sucking the energy of humans that
have become superfluous, and, on the

AMS!

other hand, it a sorting machine that allocates survival to conformed subjectivities and rejects all "problem individuals", all those who embody another use of life and, in this way, resist it.

This is the properly political function of the contemporary production apparatus.

Ø

Literary circles exist to smother the clarity of writing. Anarchist milieus to blunt the directness of DIRECT ACTION. Scientific milieus to withhold the implications of their research from the majority of people today.

Ø

The promise of the encounter can only be realized outside the organization and, unavoidably, at odds with it.

Ø

Take NOTES on communes. See the Tribe.

715

German

CH → H m hue

J → Y m yes

Spanish - ~~SE~~ SUS → Hey Zeus?

S → Z (zero)

SCH → SH (fish)

?

ST → SHT at beginning

?

SP → SHP

F

V → Fish

V ~~W~~

W → V vote Weber → Veebir

Z → TS hats

TH → T

555
Ø
Could it be that all the solitary thinking I have engaged in, has really made me mentally powerful? Feeling like an underground naturally shamanic NOTHING MAN, I lubricate my soul with a Naddy Daddy beer to prepare myself for a roll down to "Freehold Idol".

Ø
My mother told me she is very proud of me just for "coping" with this broken leg the way I have been. My sister also confided in me that she did not see me lasting more than one week taking care of myself with a broken leg. I suspect that I have earned respect from many people just displaying such fortitude, fortitude → patient courage under affliction.

Ø
I also sense that I am somewhat of a living legend. Maybe an extra pain killer just for the Hell of it will give me that SPACE-CADET GLOW Roger Waters of Pink Floyd sang about in THE WALL.